



Ground Ivy, Ground Ivy, come buy
my Ground Ivy;—come buy my
Water Cresses?

O'ER nerve relaxing tea no longer
waste
The morning hour; did you know the
taste
Of home-found Ivy, you would ne'er
explore
For foreign shrubs a distant Indian
shore:
And 'ye, with dire scorbutic Ills
o'erun,
All wretched nostrums and their ven-
ders shun,
The Cress will all cutaneous illness
mock;
Then quit the aid of Flusser and of
Rock.